Vp sirra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
The most vnlucky mannage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man slaine by yong *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*,
M: *Tibalt*, *Tybalt*, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie sight? Ah the blood is spilt
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, shed bloud of *Mountagew*.
Pry: Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?
Ben: *Tibalt* heere slaine whom *Romeos* hand did slay.
Romeo who spake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.
But *Tibalt* still persisting in his wrong,
The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the storme,
Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
As fast as tung cry depeace, sought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tybalt* cast an enuious thrust,
That rid the life of stout *Merentio*.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braued *Romeo*:
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
And this way *Romeo* fled.
Mo: He is a *Mountagew* and speakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife:
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I doe

I doo intreate sweete Prince thoult iustice giue,
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.
Prin: And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.
I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding,
But Ile amerce you with so large a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.
Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still:
Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes
To *Phœbus* mansion, such a Waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
And send in cloudie night immediately.

Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder of cordes in her lap.

But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
What hast thou there, the cordes?
Nur: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.
Iul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?
Nurs: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.
Iul: This torture should be roard in dismall hell.
Can heauens be so enuious?
Nur: *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the sample, on his manly breast:
A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,
All pale as ashes, I swounded at the sight.